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It cost \$2,423,522 to feed the United States Army during the past fiscal year.

Business worries are said to be the cause of twelve per cent. of the cases of insanity.

The farmers of Iowa have apparently enough money in banks to pay off all the farm mortgages in the State.

Rev. Dr. Jenks, an Indiana preacher, says that he can give seventy reasons for believing that the world will "come to an end" within the next ten years.

Out in Maine, where, according to the New York Recorder, "they are now catching herring to put up as Italian sardines," they lure the fish into the nets at night by a blazing fire on a pole.

New Zealand is the first of English colonies to give women equal political rights with men. A bill giving them such rights has just become law. It gives to all women, married or single, the same right to vote as is now possessed by men. The only other State in the world in which men and women have the same political status is Wyoming, in this country.

Electricity is gradually taking the place of oil for locomotive headlights, notes the St. Louis Republic. One St. Louis road—the Vandalia—has fourteen locomotives equipped with the new light and is adding to the number every week. The recent rear-end collision of the Illinois Central road would probably not have occurred had the engine of the second section been provided with an electric light.

The paper mill at Salina, Kan., has made from sunflower stalks several tons of paper, which will be sent to experts in the East. The paper is regarded as superior to straw paper and marks a great departure in paper making and sunflower raising industries. The mill is now buying sunflowers and proposes to make sunflower paper a specialty. On a recent evening the Salina Daily Republican ran its entire edition on the sunflower paper.

The theory that times of depression in business are peculiarly favorable to religious development, has some justification in experience, concludes the San Francisco Argonaut. But, on the other hand, there are more suicides in hard times than at any other. Statistics show that there has been a noticeable increase in suicides in New York City during the last month, the aggregate being thirty-four against twenty-two for the same period during the previous year. The statistics are suggestive, but hardly conclusive. The suicidal tendency is certainly growing; but it derives its stimulus rather from what may be called fixed conditions of our life than from temporary and exceptional incitements.

The New York World observes: We are apt to imagine that America is the land of progress and Asia the land of regress. This is doubtless true, as a rule, but every now and then we are startled to find that the Mongolians have ideas also and sometimes act upon them. This statement is borne out by a recent report made to the Japanese Government on the state of agriculture in that country, and advocating, among other things, the establishment of agricultural insurance. Mutual insurance—that is, "a fellowship, the single members of which are all insured by that same fellowship"—is also advocated. The report shows that the Japanese are wide awake.

The recent disbandment of several companies of Indians, who had been enlisted as soldiers in Uncle Sam's army, seems to have been due more to the difficulty of finding recruits than to any real opposition among officers to the employment of the red man in the ranks. The Indian himself does not take kindly to the restraints of discipline, and misses the freedom of his roving life; hence, he will no longer enlist, but while he is in the Government's service he appears to discharge his duties as well as can be expected from him. He does not like the routine of drill, and he cannot be depended on to stand in line of battle, but he makes a good scout and skirmisher—in short, he shows all the weaknesses and virtues of the savage. The great argument in favor of taking him into the regular army is still as strong as it ever was, the experiment with him not having weakened it in the least. It is cheaper to pay him for being on good terms with us than to fight him, and, even if he will not take kindly to rules and regulations, he is sure to become a more tractable being by subjecting himself to them even imperfectly.

WHEN NUTS ARE RIPE.

"The frost king comes by stealth at night,
Painting the leaves in colors bright.
With magic wand, in impish glee,
He breathes upon each shrub and tree;
O'er hickory, walnut and the oak—
He sheds a variegated cloak,
And as they open their sleepy eyes
His breath comes thick from chilly skies.
The morning sun, in mild reproof,
Sweeps from the fences and the roof
The crystal footsteps of that raid;
He smiles upon each leaf and blade,
And welcomes to his genial rays
The friendship of a mystic haze.
While voices through the hill and dell
Echo clear as silver bell.
Glad, golden days! O, mystic haze—
And all the swelling symphonies
Of ringing about and childish mirth—
The brown nut patter to earth—
The sizzling of a sunny day!
Ah, stories of an autumn day!
Of earthly paradise a type—
The frost-crowned woods when nuts are ripe."
—Good Housekeeping.

EPHRAIM DODD'S NIECES.

BY PAULINE WESLEY.

UMBERTO N people felt a certain pity for Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Dodd when the two orphan daughters of Mr. Dodd's younger brother came from a Western home and took up their abode with the old couple; but Ephraim and Susan Dodd were honestly delighted with this sudden addition of their nieces to the family circle.

Mrs. Dodd soon began to talk to her neighbors with complacency about the responsibility of bringing up girls, and when her back was turned her friends shook their heads, saying: "It's a shame! In their old age, too, when they were just beginning to take a little comfort!"

The girls were tall, pretty, strong and vivacious. Their names were Martha and Evelina. Each had brown hair, a delicately tinted face and large gray eyes that looked at people in a friendly, unobtrusive way. Martha was thirteen years old when she arrived—two years older than her sister—and before she had passed her sixteenth birthday Ephraim decided that she must go away to a better school than Lumberton afforded. It was a sad day for the Dodds when a small leather trunk bumped to the railway station behind one of Uncle Ephraim's ox teams.

Ephraim, Evelina and her Aunt Susan clung to Martha with a frantic earnestness in saying good-by and then stared at one another tearfully when the train whirled weeping Martha and her belongings away from Lumberton.

On the way back to the farm Mrs. Dodd and Evelina sat on a board placed across the cart-railings, and Ephraim walked beside them, directing his oxen. After a while he spoke solemnly: "Taint that I ain't got confidence in Martha," said he. "I think she'll turn out first-rate; but if there is any meanness in her nature, or any hidden dust in the corners of it, we'll know it before long. She's started out on the best of times of her life."

"Mercy," Mrs. Dodd exclaimed, dashing a tear from her eye, "how you talk, Ephraim! You make cold shivers run all over me!" "I think she'll turn out first-rate," the old man repeated; "but she ain't been tested yet, an' now she's a-goin' to be. The city aint the country, an' their ways aint our ways."

Evelina sat rigidly erect and gazed at the oxen through a screen of tears, while the three, moving along autumn-tinted country roadsides, went slowly home. There was great vacancy in the farmhouse. They felt it every day. Longing for Martha, they eagerly read and re-read the letters which she sent regularly once a week, written in an uncertain girlish hand abounding in little curves. She told all about her studies and her teachers and her friends, sometimes even specifying the day's bill of fare, or the color of a classmate's eyes.

Ephraim read all the letters aloud on Saturday evenings, piecing them together like a continued story, and Mrs. Dodd and Evelina listened. It brought the writer very near to them. They always felt breathlessly interested. After Martha had returned home for two visits, she was allowed to spend a long vacation with one of the school-girls in her city home. Then the letters, arriving oftener than before, took on brighter tints, and gave glimpses of a luxurious town-house—vastly different from the Dodd homestead, with its wooden "wings" and air of humble thrift. Ephraim Dodd read these letters in a serious, faltering voice while Evelina and her aunt listened rather anxiously, knowing his troubled thoughts. The faded comfort of their old sitting-room somehow touched them with a wistful fondness. Would it seem dingy to Martha? Might not her new surroundings teach her to despise the simple homelife of Lumberton village? At last came a letter describing her friend's bedroom: "I wish you could see what a charming boudoir Dorothy has! The bedstead is brass and it glitters like gold. Overhead hangs a canopy of pale blue and white, fringed with ribbons. I feel like a princess sleeping on a royal couch. The floor is covered with soft

rugs. There are oceans of cushions everywhere. I never saw such a beautiful room."

When Evelina read the alluring paragraph, her heart was filled with a sudden longing. She believed that Martha would surely cherish her home, in spite of its limitations, if the room where she slept could be made a little less unlike that city boudoir. Now Evelina Dodd had an energetic mind and active hands. The following noon she gently broached the subject of her meditations to her Uncle Ephraim and his wife.

"I might kind of chirk it up, and give it a sort of stylish look," she remarked, blushing. Ephraim Dodd pondered some time before he answered. "Taint that I don't think we'll like us the way we are as well as ever," he said, awkwardly. "But it's in case she shouldn't; in that case it might be wiser to fix things up a little fancier, an' if you're mind to do it, Evelyn, I'll help you."

Mrs. Dodd had strong faith in Martha, yet possibilities loomed disagreeably as she thought of her husband's words, and she secretly worried in the midst of the sewing and planning which began almost immediately. "I shouldn't care 'bout the house or ourselves," she confided to Ephraim, "so much as I would if Martha happened to get to settin' herself up above Evelyn. I couldn't bear to see Evelyn's feelin' hurt."

Mr. Dodd kept his thoughts to himself as he joined in the efforts which were gradually transforming one of the old-fashioned sleeping-rooms above stairs. Remarkable changes, indeed, were being made. It was well that Evelina possessed no knowledge of the havoc worked by her loving zeal. For the massive old-fashioned furniture of Martha's room could not be adapted well to modern taste in decoration. The plain mahogany bedstead was out of keeping with a fantastic spider-shaped object which Ephraim Dodd manufactured in the woodshed, and awkwardly fastened into place above the bed. He stood on a step-ladder to do this, while Evelina and her aunt held the hammer and nails, crying, "Oh, do be careful!" "Ephraim Dodd, you'll certainly break your neck!"

The poor room, with its furniture of another era, really looked abused, but Martha Dodd's relatives glowed with satisfaction over their efforts. They were obliged to make their purchases at a country store whose supplies were not abundant, yet in the end they felt that their labors were repaid. After the canopy's frame had been draped with blue denim and white mosquito netting, Mrs. Dodd and Evelina stood and admired it from afar. They believed that Martha would be pleased.

Martha Dodd came back to Lumberton in midsummer, a time which always found the place full of verdant beauty. She was carried to the farm in a shining buggy, recently purchased. Her Aunt Susan and Evelina stood smiling in the yard, and showed greetings upon her, before Ephraim could help her out of the carriage. Afterward, they sent her upstairs alone, in order to surprise her more completely.

Martha closed the door and remained in the room for some time. She sat down on a sofa, and stared about her in a bewildered manner. When she descended to the expectant group in the sitting-room her cheeks were flushed and she was smiling. "Whoever thought to do it?" she asked; "who spoke of it first?" "Evelyn," Ephraim answered, red with pleasure. "Ah, 'twas lovely of you all," Martha said, and she went over to Evelina and put her arms around her. "How did you manage it?" she questioned again. "Who made the canopy?"

"Uncle Ephraim," replied the delighted child, and every eye laughed as Martha embraced her uncle affectionately. He tried to get away, but she caught him and clung to him. Her face was radiant. "You've been so kind!" she cried; "but, uncle, you needn't have done it. I liked it the way it was. Didn't you know I liked it?" A fortnight later Martha's friend, Dorothy Ruddle, accompanied by her two sisters, accepted invitations to spend a fortnight at Miss Dodd's home. On the day of their arrival a country fair was being held in the next town, and Mrs. Dodd watched some neighboring vehicles fly past the door with a good deal of interest.

"If 'twas't for company comin'," she said to the girls, "I might have gone myself. I aint been to a fair for three years." To her surprise Martha seized the stray idea almost eagerly. The girl talked to her uncle so earnestly about the matter that he resolved to take his wife and Evelina to the gaily decorated grounds and stay the entire day. Thus the house chanced to be comparatively still when four girls entered merrily and rushed up the stairs to Martha Dodd's "boudoir." "Why, what in the world!" Bertha Ruddle exclaimed wonderingly, as soon as she had surveyed the room. "Two old people and a girl trundling over the turnpike road were two far away to hear the peals of laughter that suddenly rang through the house. "O Martha Dodd," said one of the girls, "it's the funniest sight I ever saw in all my life." "Who did it?" another asked, and then the laughter began again. But only three girls laughed. Martha sat among some queer looking patchwork cushions, and viewed the surroundings gravely. "You may laugh all you like," she said; "nobody can hear you. I wanted you to get used to it, before the folks come home. I—"

checked herself and the girls looked at her. "Why did they do it?" Dorothy asked at last.

Martha gazed out of the window before she answered. "They did it," she said, slowly, "because they love me. I wrote about your room, and they hoped to make this something like it. My little sister Evelina," she paused. "The listeners drew nearer and stood around her in a little circle. "They did the best they know how," she continued, "and I like my room as well as Dorothy's. The canopy is ugly, but when I wake and look up at it, I think how their love covers me night and day; so you see it's a pleasure."

"The rugs are funnier," Bertha remarked finally, in order to break the silence, and her sisters smiled, but they did not laugh again, in the same way. They began to feel an interest in Evelina, and this increased through the happy days which marked their stay in Lumberton. Ephraim Dodd's generous heart warmed as Martha's city-comely made him a reluctant good-by on the station platform. The eldest Ruddle girl shook his hand cordially.

"Well," Mr. Dodd, said she, "we've had about the pleasantest visit we ever had. And when Martha comes to see us again, we want Evelina to come, too." The old man blushed, and Martha nearly interrupted his stammering thanks. "I'll stay at home and let Evelina go," she explained. "We shan't leave Aunt Susan and Uncle Ephraim alone."

That evening, Uncle unburdened himself to Mrs. Dodd, a little remorsefully. "We needn't have felt so uneasiness 'bout Martha," he declared. "She's turned out first rate; she'll stand any amount of testin', an' so will Evelyn." Mrs. Dodd laughed tremulously, as she extinguished the sitting-room lamp.

"No," was the answer, "she aint goin' to hurt anybody's feelin's—Martha aint."—Youth's Companion.

Parasol Ants.

The Kew Bulletin says that the Government of Trinidad has passed an ordinance for the extermination of parasol ants, so far as its power extends. The pest has become unbearable. In fact, from the nature of things, wherever this ant is found, a growing civilization must wage war to the death with it. For the creature strips trees of their leaves, which it neatly trims to the size and shape of a three-penny bit and carries to the nest. An army of acedoma cephalotes at work is one of the strangest sights in tropical America. The column may be followed for a mile, three or four inches in width, a serried mass of ants each carrying aloft upright as a flag its green disc. They will strip a large tree of which they fancy the leaves in twenty-four hours. But nature has limited their ravages in the way which Darwin and Wallace teach us to respect. Many species of trees are quite protected against them by peculiarities which we cannot detect. Many inches in width, a serried mass of ants will not attack them if they have a choice. But the enterprising foreigner brings his useful fruits and plants from every quarter of the world, and establishes them in the domain of the acedoma. Then there is joy unnumbered. With unprotected fruit in abundance the ants multiply as they never could before. So the Trinidad authorities have made a law that the warden of any district may authorize a land owner who "suffers, or is likely to suffer," from their ravages, to enter any neighbor's ground and destroy the nests—if he can, be it understood. And any one obstructing such proceedings when duly authorized by the warden becomes liable to a fine of \$50 or imprisonment for three months, with or without hard labor.

An Elevator For Cats.

It has been such an everyday convenience to be hoisted in an elevator car at railroad speed, to the tenth floor of a high office building, that one regards it as a matter of course. It has remained for an East Weymouth (Mass.) couple, however, to apply the principle of the elevator to the feline economy of the household with gratifying results. Mr. and Mrs. G. live far up in the back of a house, and Mrs. G. had to go down and upstairs every time their half-grown kitten was put out of doors or let in. This became monotonous, so one day Mr. G. placed the cat in a basket, tied a rope to the handle and lowered the cat, Paul-like, to the ground. The cat evidently grasped the situation at once, for since that time she has rarely been let in or out of the door, but has made her perpendicular pilgrimages with all the gravity of an old business man. The most remarkable circumstance is that she now gets into the basket as it rests on the ground beneath the window and mews lustily until taken in. If there were a set of electric buttons for her to push, "up, once, down twice," she would probably learn the combination. As it is she is the cause of a mild little sensation in the town, and is as proudly exhibited by her owner as would be the feline heroine of the balad, which in ancient number is declared to have returned.—New York Telegram.

The British Empire.

Roughly speaking, the British Empire extends over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1000 lakes, 2000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. The Assyrian empire was not so great as this; the Roman empire was not so populous; the Persian empire was not so extensive; the Spanish empire was not so powerful.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 460 miles.

Powerful air brakes are now being constructed for use on freight trains of 160 cars.

The long distance telephone has been put in operation between Norway and Sweden, and his Majesty at Christiania can communicate directly by word of mouth with his ministers at Stockholm.

When you speak of bees, designate the kind referred to. There are 4500 species popularly known as "wild bees," 3200 being natives of the Americas. Britain has seventy species of bees and sixteen of wasps; of the latter there are 170 species known to entomologists.

The value of vaccination against smallpox is shown by recent statistics from London hospitals, showing that whereas in the unvaccinated 23.8 per cent. died, and the remaining cases last 47.2 days, there were in the vaccinated cases no deaths at all, and 28.5 days was the average duration of the disease.

It may be doubted, says an English writer, whether our measurement of animal endurance has yet been sufficiently extended, for there appear instances in which the acts of daring are prompted by a sense of obedience, of discipline, and even of duty—something similar, in kind to that which marks and distinguishes the highest forms of courage in man.

An operation for appendicitis revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth brush bristles. "Cheap tooth brushes," remarked the surgeon who had charge of the case, "are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only glued on and come off by the half dozen when wet and brought in contact with the teeth."

A fire balloon is a recent invention for signaling by night. The balloon is made of paper, is portable, and is inflated by burning spirits or even straw or wood. When ready to ascend a message string is appended. This is made of combustible beads strung at intervals on a piece of quick match. Different combinations of large and small beads are used to express the signals.

Among other interesting matters with which the psychological laboratory is experimenting is the subject of time—measurements of different mental processes. The conclusions reached on the average time it requires us to make some of the commonest judgments were: Recognition of a ray of light, .011 seconds; recognition of ordinary sounds, .015 seconds; to localize mentally when blindfolded any place on our body touched by another person, .021 seconds; mental judgment of a distance when seen, .022 seconds; recognition of the direction of loud sounds, .062 seconds; recognition of short English words, .214 seconds; recognition of pictures of objects, .163 seconds; to answer such questions as "Who wrote 'Hamlet,'" .900 and over.

Sufferers From "Gibberish Aphasia."

The Edinburgh Medical Journal publishes an article which, among other things, discusses the question of the effects of brain changes on speech. A patient is mentioned who suffered from what is called "gibberish aphasia." This poor man knew as well as anybody else exactly what was going on around him. He was perfectly sane in all respects, and, if his tongue would have obeyed his understanding, all would have been well. But when he began to speak nothing whatever but absolute "gibberish" would come out of his mouth. The only coherent words he could utter, and those only at times and by accident, were "If you please, sir." Another patient, who also was sane, could not even read aloud correctly from a book when the page was open before him. When asked, for example, to read aloud the passage, "It shall be in the power of the college to examine or not to examine any licentiate," he invariably read it thus: "An the be what in the tomothar of the throtho-doo to majorm." The patient recovered in due time and spoke like other people.

A Queer Electric Clock.

T. F. Hudson, a convict in the Maryland Penitentiary, has constructed a real horological oddity in the shape of an electric clock. The dial is a semi-circle of white marble with twelve marks at each corner, the other marks for the hours being figured along the arc. It has one hour hand and two minute hands, the last two set opposite to each other, and in such a manner that one is seen at noon and the other at midnight, and at no other time. The seconds are marked on a dial that turns from right to left, while the pointer or second hand is stationary. Hudson is a born genius, and nearly every room in the prison is adorned with a specimen of his ingenuity.—St. Louis Republic.

Modesty Came With Age.

Gonrod, the composer, stands exonerated from the reproach of vanity, which, like affectation, belongs to the weak and the young. Age and talent restore equilibrium, and vanity is superseded by legitimate pride. He one day compared the progress of modesty in his soul with the simultaneous whitening of his hair. "When I was very young I used to say, 'I, later on I said, 'I and Mozart's than 'Mozart and I.' Now I say 'Mozart.'" The master re-versed the words of Mirabeau: "Humble, when I consider myself; proud, when I compare myself with others."—Argonaut.

VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

RESULTS OF AN INQUIRY DIRECTED TO INDIANA FARMERS.

Profit in Dollars and Cents From Improved Highways, and Annual Loss Due to Poor Roads.

ANY persons accustomed, when approached with a project for road improvement, to put the matter off as they would a luxury "until better times." While they acknowledge that better public highways would be a very nice thing at certain seasons of the year it never seems to have dawned upon them that to improve the roads would be an investment, just like raising higher grade stock or using improved and labor-saving machinery, which would soon pay for itself. Unfortunately this class of people has been in the majority both in town and country, where solid roads are most needed, and their want of progress has seriously clogged many an enterprise of value to the community.

It has long been known in a general way that a better outlay of a few hundred dollars could be made by the farmer or country merchant than in building rock or gravel roads, but attempts to reduce the practical value to dollars and cents have seldom been made. A gentleman in Northern Indiana recently undertook to find out what the farmers themselves thought of the matter. In answer to his inquiries letters were received from farmers in forty counties of the State, some of which were provided with turnpikes and some not. Some of them took a very pessimistic view of the road improvement, and some were unduly elated over the possession of splendid highways. The average was taken on the various propositions, however, just as the replies came in, and the result is extremely interesting.

The farmers estimated that by reason of the roads already improved their lands had increased in value an average of \$6.48 an acre, one enthusiast placing it at 100 per cent. If all roads were improved the increase was estimated at \$9 an acre. So the increase of value alone on each section of land would amount to \$5700, or enough to macadamize four miles, which is twice as much road as a section contains. That is one phase of the question. The annual loss due to poor roads was placed at 76 1/2 cents an acre, which is manifestly too low. Accepting it as correct, however, the loss from poor roads in five years would amount to \$2432 for each section, or enough to build two miles of good road at \$1216 each, which is considerably more than the average cost per mile in Indiana. The actual money value of good roads, obtained by adding the loss for not having them to the gain if you did, is \$6000 for every 640 acres, and increases by nearly \$500 every year.

These are facts, ice-cold and not possible to contest. With good roads the farmer would make a great economy of time and force in transportation between farm and market; he would be able to take advantage of market fluctuations in buying and selling; he could do the hauling of farm products and purchased commodities in the time of greatest leisure; the wear and tear upon horses, harness and vehicles would be greatly reduced. The market value of his farm would be greatly enhanced, so that, at the lowest estimate, his 300 acres would be worth \$2880 more, while at least \$250 would be saved every year. These are the facts brought out by Mr. W. C. Latta in the journal known as Paving, and they are worthy the closest attention by farmer and townsman alike.—Kansas City Times.

A Fierce Bird from the Sea.

Captain Fausset of the British steamship Lord Lansdowne, from Ardrrossan, Scotland, captured while at sea a most peculiar bird. It is still held captive on board, being penned up in the lower chart room. It is very fierce, and the Captain's large dog is being fed on raw meat, which is thrown in the window gratings.

Early one morning when many hundred miles from the shore, the bird was seen hovering about in the locality of the ship, and finally it landed on the deck of the foremast, where it was captured with some difficulty by the boatswain. When brought to the deck its claw was found to be empty, but it refused everything offered until the steward threw into the quarters where it was confined a piece of canned beef, which it ate. Upon becoming rested the bird became very fierce, and the sailors were afraid to go near it. It is not known to what species the bird belongs. Its head resembles somewhat that of an owl, but the body is like a chicken, only the wings are much larger and appear more powerful.

Captain Fausset believed the bird was driven off shore in one of the recent gales. He does not think it is a sea fowl.—Philadelphia Press.

The Oldest Soldier in the World.

Russia proudly claims the oldest soldier, if not the oldest citizen of any rank, in the known world. Her claimant for this distinguished honor is Colonel Gritzenko, of Pultava, near Odessa, who, if he lives until February 7, will celebrate his one hundred and twentieth birthday. Gritzenko entered the military service in the year 1793, 104 years ago, and received from the hands of Empress Catherine herself a gold medal for conspicuous bravery at the assault on Ismail. This trophy, of which the aged warrior is justly very proud, bears the following inscription: "For exceptional bravery at the assault of Ismail, December 11, 1793."—St. Louis Republic.

THE OLD MILL.

Deep in the shadow, down under the hill,
Stand the mossy planks of an old saw-mill,
Leaning far over, as if to look
At its fair companion, the rushing brook!
For there below in the turbulent stream
Lies many a worm-eaten joint and beam.

Neglected, forgotten, left alone,
Through its broken roof the breezes moan,
And tarts sing more softly their cheerful lays,
Remembering other brighter days,
When the tottering walls were firm and strong,
And the mill wheel roared its thunderous song.
But the mill wheel lies in the brook's bed,
And the water's rushing song has fled,
So the trees growing near extend leafy arms
To hide from the sight of the prosperous farm.

And protect from the sun's bright, pitiless ray
The poor old mill, so shattered and gray.
—Alice R. Lea, in Springfield Republican.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

On time—Wings.
A fishing resort—Lying.
Column articles—Vertebra.
Cut down in youth—Whiskers.
A race for wealth—The Americans.
Minds his business—The psychologist.
Forcing the season—Shaking the pepper-box.
Usually out of season—The boarding-house pepper-boxes.—Elmira Gazette.

It is said that the bull is very liable on an attack of scarlet fever.—Lowell Courier.

After the wedding the typewriter becomes a sewing machine.—New York Advertiser.

We opine that a sea dog feels most at home when he is on a bark.—Seneca Republican.

"Man wants but little here below," but it seems somebody else has it.—Dallas News.

Seems strange that when a lady wants to show her diamonds off she invariably puts them on.—Statesman.

The long term convict isn't much of a believer in the theory that life is evolved from a cell.—Lowell Courier.

After the train is captured, after the robbers have gone, these come a thousand suggestions of how things should have been done.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What is your best reason for believing that she'll marry him?" Her parents say that she shan't.—Chicago News.

Bessie—"That young Mr. Skimpsey has over a million." Kitty (looking over him).—"Well, he needs it!"—Vogue.

What a lot of labor would be saved if the sweeping glances we read about would only take the dirt from carpets.—Buffalo Courier.

Strangers to say, many brokers are best pleased with the stock market when it is simply unbearable.—Boston Commercial Blatter.

Teacher—"Now, Robbie, take four slices of cake from six slices, and what will there be left?" Robbie—"A lickin' for me."—Inter-Ocean.

Professor X. (on finding a living bug in his text book of zoology).—"Ha, how did this thing get here among the mammals?"—Fleegende Blatter.

The prophet had a curious way. He wonders to perform. For he preside a sunny day. And straightaway comes a storm.—Kate Field's Washington.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup." Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles is."—Fleegende Blatter.

Mamma—"George, have you been a good boy to-day?" George—"That's not for me to say. You would not have me boastful or egotistic, mamma."—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—"Emma, what do you know of the orchid family?" Emma—"If you please, madam, mamma has forbidden us to indulge in any family gossip."—Fleegende Blatter.

Mrs. Clinker—"I understand, Mrs. Vaulters, that your son is going up rapidly in college." Mrs. Vaulters—"Yes, indeed. He's already broken the high jump record."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What makes you look so unhappy?" "Toothache." "Allow me to congratulate you." "Why?" "A man who at eighty can still have toothache is certainly to be congratulated."—Fleegende Blatter.

Jiggers—"Young Justwed says his wife is a very magnetic woman." Jiggers—"You bet she is. He asked her to let him go downtown with me the other night and she showed both negative and positive qualities in less'n half a minute."—Buffalo Courier.